

ment. "Helen," she said, "of all the

!'How can I tell, Belle?" replied the

"What is the desire of your heart

but, oh, so beautiful and bright, and all

hidden in a soft, rich cover-semething

At this moment a dark figure was

and figure were wrapped in a heavy

it and murmured to it softly.

then ran rapidly to the perch.

"Goodby, my precious," she said softly. "If I only dared kiss you again!

HEAD.

time she heard the sound of horses'

run down myself-no, I must stay here!

trance. Then all was still for awhile,

her in amazement.

foward the door.

the divan, began to declaim:

through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mou

When Brother Charlie arrived, climbing high

She flung the door open and disclosed Charlie Kent standing on the threshold,

"Hurrah! He has brought it on

cushion!" shouted Belle. "That is

right! Come now, march up to the

The girl caught Charlie by the arm

"What is it?" asked Helen, with di-

lating eyes. She had seen a slight move-

"It is a baby," said Charlie in a

queer voice. "I almost fell over it on

"And on the porch, you said, Charlie,

"No; here's a hand, Helen. It's warm

frozen to lieath. Oh, the poor little

ontstretched arms a white bundle.

queen and present it kneeling!"

and began to drag him forward.

ment in the bundle.

which infolded it.

as a little toast!"

Belle bent a listening ear, scarce dar-

darted off into the shrubbery.

which would make every woman you

rather have for Christmas?"

know just wild with envy?"

what it is. Listen!"

sweet faced wife.

"Let it be diamonds, brother Charlie. You cannot go amiss then, for nothing o gladdens a woman's beart. Let one who knows tell you. I shall never be satisfied until I see Helen wearing a diamond tiars. It will be the most bean-like? Is it something not very large, tiful Christmas present you can give

Bella Kent watched her brother eagerly as they walked together on the lawn, noting the effect of her words.

"Well, perhaps it is a little like that," said Helen musingly, "but with-out the envy. I don't desire that." "A tiara!" cried Charlie Kent aghast. "Why that is something for a queen to "Well, Helen, this lovely thing is on wear! It would cost an awful lot of the way now—it is almost here, and

"Nonsense," answered Belle, don't mean one of those elaborate at



CLASPED HER BROTHER'S ARM IM-

You are thinking of a coronet. This is just a circlet of diamonds. They peedn't be very large stones, but they must be good ones, well matched and beautifully graded. I will help you seect them. Come, Charlie, you have had a good year, I heard you say so. And Helen will be so delighted!" Belle

plasped her brother's arm impulsively.

The two walked slowly across the lawn toward the house. Charlie Kent had been married to his young wife for five years. She had been famous as one of the most beautiful girls in all the Oranges. It was in this lovely region that they now lived. They had youth, wealth and everything to make life happy save one thing-no child had come gladden their home. This was a ree of sorrow to the young wife—a do not thin to yow of which even her husband did tell you."

She stop

"I had been thinking of a pair of ponies and a phaeton," said Charlie relectively. "Which would be the better, do you think, those or the diamonds?" "The diamonds of course. You spoke of a queen just now, Charlie, Isn't Helen far more beautiful and queenly, too, than most royal women? Oh, to think how she will look when she sits in your

aunt's box at the opera this winter with her tiars on her head!" "You really think she would like it, gold Mr. Kent, beginning to phare his sister's enthusiasm.

"Like it, Charlie! I'm sare there's nothing she longs for so much—except Except what?" asked Charlie Kent

as his sister paused. "Nothing," said Belle, looking down

and smiling a little demurely; "at least nothing that can be bought with money. Come, Charlie, there isn't too much time. Let us settle now upon the diamond tiara for Helen's Christmas

During the next month Miss Belle Kent made several toysterious trips to the city. She claumed to be an expert in



SHE STOPPED TO LISTEN AGAIN. diamonds, and she helped her brother in the selection of those which were to form his wife's tiara. She also had much to say about their arrangement and the simple yet elegant setting which held them.

One week before Christmas the diamond circlet in its violet velvet case lay securely locked in the recesses of Mr. Kent's safe in the city.

"Oh, see that sweet little face! Look, look, Belle, it's opened its eyes. Christmas evo arrived. The day had been cold and threatening and toward They're blue. Oh, the chernb! nightfall a heavy snowstorm set in. "Ab, the darling!" lle was in a fever of impatience as The antiphonal exclaiming of the two the hony for Charlie's train to arrive rew near. She and Mrs. Kent sat in an tiful as the music of some angelic choir,

but Charlie Kent stood by looking rathre is the whistle!" cried Belle. er awkardly at the scene in which he near the train coming through the had no part. ey; now it is slowing up at the sta-"I suppose we'll have to keep it over-night," he said at length.

The coel, matter of fact note accorded

He will be here in ten minutes won't be. Helen?! ow excited you are, Belle! Your are bright and your cheeks glow-Why is it?" seked Helen wonder-

illy with the angelic choiring. The two women looked up for a moment as Vhy, because it is Ohristmas eve

"I mean it wouldn't do to send it down to the police station in this storm, because—oh, if he would only nel [I'm afraid I'll tell if he doesn' would it?" "To the police station!" burst from that with the turkey goes." But she could not keep quiet a mo the indignant Belle.

igh they did not un

Helen said not a word, but Charlie saw her face pale as she caught the child and held it close in her arms. "See, Helen, here is another little

gown in this paper!" cried Belle. "And, sh. here's a note!" The fore it open, and the two ladies read aloud together:

miscrable, leaves this child with you. He is healthy, beautiful and good. He may be to you the blessing which it is denied me to hope for in him. Take him and love him, and you will never again hear from his unhappy "MOTHER."

"A woman who is not wholly bad, but very

Helen arose and went to her husband with the child.

"Charlie, you will let me keep this baby, will you not?" she said in a voice which had in it something of religious exaltation. "God has sent him to me, and I love him already. You will not send him away, Charlie; tell me you will not!" Her voice dropped to a tone things in the world what would you of tender cajolery, "Let it be my Christmas present, my husband!"

Charlie Kent accepted the situation with the best grace possible. There was no cloud on his brow as he kissed his wife's cheek and said:

"We will keep the child if it is your wish, Helen. "Mercy, Charlie, I had quite forgot-

ten!" whispered Belle? "where is it?" Charlie thrust his hand into the pocket of his overcoat, which he still wore, and drew forth a package. Unseen by Helen, who was bending over the little one, they opened it together. now you mustn't ask me one other ques-"added Belle, with pretty effront came close behind his wife, while his ery. "If you do, I'm afraid I'll tell sister led her to the mirror.

"Close your eyes for a moment, Helen, dearest; we want to show you a piccreeping through the gate which opened ture." Helen did as she was bid, and apon the driveway. It was not Charlie Charlie clasped the tiara on his wife's

Kent, but a young woman, whose head | head. "Now look!" cried Belle.

Helen opened her eyes and gazed upon showl. In her arms she carried a bundle. From time to time she bent over what is surely the most beautiful picture in the world-a lovely young wom-"This is the house where I have seen an clasping an infant to her bosom. the two pretty young women," she Above her brow the circlet of white whispered. "They may take my little stones gleamed like a halo. But Helen one and be good to him. I can only hope gazed for an instant only. Her eyes, so. * * If they send you to the found brimming with gratitude and happiness, sought in the mirror those of her busling asylum, my baby, it is only what your poor mother would have to do." band, rested there a moment and then dropped to the face of the sleeping child. She stopped and listened a moment,

She Was Puzzled. May-Christmas always puzzles me

Belle-How? May-I don't know whether I should expected and didn't get.

NEW YEAR GAMES.

Up the Holiday. The old fashion of game playing year."-St. Louis Republic seems to be left to children nowadays, in spite of the merry frolics that memwelcomed.

and with a great sob laid it in front of of one's eyes, and much laughter is trument. -Omaha World-Herald. the door. Then she pressed the bell and provoked when "mother" does not recognize "father" nor sisters their broth-

"There is the bell, Helen! He has ers. come!" cried Belle, clapping her hands. The "game of moods" is a good one. "How long Mary is in answering! I'll A person is sent from the room, and the rest agree to answer his questions Oh, there she goes now!"

The door opened, but it was a full ingly, absently, lovingly or as they deminute later before they heard Charlie's cide. On his return he questions each voice utter a sharp "Hello!" at the en- player in turn, and when all have answered in the chosen mood he must guess what the word is. If he guesses ing to breathe, while Helen regarded wrong, he must go round again, but each must spare no pains to make the Charlie's footstep sounded on the mood clear.

stair. It seemed slower and more care-"Hunt the whistle" is an old favorful than usual, and Belle, leaping upon ite, but it can only be played once at the same party, since all but one know *Twas the night before Christmas and all the secret. A player is led blindfolded through the house into a ring of chairs on which all the others are seated. A deft hand fastens a small whistle to the back of the blind or and higher,
And kringing to my dearest, loveliest Helen
"" her heart's desire." victim by means of a long string with a book at one end of it. For this whistle he must bunt, the

Belle fairly shricked the last words as she sprang from her perch and ran others catching it and blowing it at every turn, and the effort to discover its "There," she cried, "that may not whereabouts is often long delayed .be poetry, but, oh, how true it is! Be- Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS. looking rather dayed and bolding in his This Tells of One, but It Happened on Christmas.

> Speaking of Christmas cheer, new year resolutions and mended ways, here is a little story that embraces them all. life," as the story teller would put itthose walks that the dainty woman of good fortune seldom sees the dismal and intricate windings of. But it is down miong these winding ways that I think the echoes of the Christmas chimes and the hope that comes from the beautiful

the perch just now and !--Christmas story mean most when they are heard, and so I will tell it. chorus. Mrs. Kent seized the bundle in There was small promise of a happier her arms, and in a moment it was on the day than usual in the little two rooms divan, with the two women on their "back" where an industrious little woknees beside it, pulling away the wraps man-what her name is does not matter-and her three tiny children, all as "A baby!" cried Helen in a soft, neat as new pins, sat and waited. Waited—for what?

It was Christmas eve, and there is in this awful storm? It must be always plenty to wait for on that eve- are literally taken by storm and quickly even Santa Claus himself might come! But the waiting in the little two rooms "back" was of the anxious sort. It was Philadelphia Press. for an unsteady footstep. Holidays always meant that the footstep would be just a trifle more unsteady than at other

faintest sound of the chiming bells stole oung women over the child was beau- up to the two rooms "back"-but it was a lighter and more sober tread than the industrious little woman and her three peat toddlers had heard for a long hate and anger, which will burn the

morning for the children, who had been we can turn back and see when we have

"UNDER THE MISTLETOE."



days over. The little industrious woman does not do so many "family wash. CHRISTMAS IN ings" nowadays as formerly, and when be thankful for the things I didn't ex- she took home her last small bandle of peet or disappointed about the things I beautifully ironed linen to its owner on the Christmas eve that has just gone her face looked very rosy and smiling, for she said: "The children will have a Fashioned Amusement to Wind good Christmas tomorrow. John he hasn't drank a drop for this night one

New Year In China.

ory can recall. But in holiday time the most staid and stately are willing to be China. All accounts must be squared foolish for the sake of the little ones, up at that time, and the man who can't and then all games, new and old, are raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy, says an ex-Did you ever try "brothers of pity?" change. The laws are such that the Sheets of newspapers are twisted into creditor can enter the debtor's house hollow cones so as to completely cover and take what he pleases if there is not the heads of the players. Two small oval holes are cut in each cap so that liles club together and make all sorts of only the eyes of the wearer are seen. Six compromises to keep up the business CHARLIE CLASFED THE TIABA ON HIS WIFE'S OF eight people put on these caps and reputation of the clau. New Year is a sit in a row, with a big sheet or table- great day for the pawnbrokers. Their You will never know your mother, but cloth held in front to conceal the whole shops are crowded with people who do not think too ill of her if they ever of their bodies. These brothers are set want to redeem their best clothes before she stopped to listen again, for this pany is then brought into the task of who want to pawn other things in order were Basque fishermen and sallors, and guessing their names. The fun lies in to get money to pay their debts. Pawnhoofs just outside the gate. She pressed the fact that one's nearest and dearest brokers receive high rates of interest, the bundle convulsively to her breast is often a little doubtful as to the color in which they are protected by the gov-

Here's a Happy New Year! Sunshine's in the sky. Join the throng And swell the sons That comes a-floatin by

Wear a smile fur strangers; Welcome all yer kin; Caryo the roast To folks that happens in.

Wish we all may prosper An we must Ef each'll just -Washington Star.

NEW YEAR'S IN ROME.

How the King and Queen of Italy Receive Their Guests.

At Rome the 1st of Jaunary assum additional importance from the fact that it is the day on which King Humbert and Queen Margherita present annual gifts to their relatives and to the members of their household, and inasmuch as they are both of them very generous and seem to know by intuition just what will give most pleasure to the recipients the festival at the court of the Quirinal is characterized by an appearance of infinitely greater enjoyment and happiness than obtain either at Vienna or at Berlin. The king and queen stand on the dais under the canopy in front of their chair of state in the throneroom to receive with due for-"It comes from the lower walks of mality the various parliamentary, military, judicial and administrative delegations commissioned to lay at the feet of their majesties the good wishes of the various bodies which they represent.

But as soon as this is over the king begins to stroll about the variage apartments, and a good deal of freedom and abandon prevail until the supper hour is announced. The royal party then march in procession to a small supper room and with the embassadors and their wives take their places at tables adorned with that magnificent golden plate for which the house of Savoy is so famous, while the remainder of the guests rush pellmell and in a very undignified fashion to the buffets, which devastated, as far as everything in the nature of tood or drink is concerned.

The Coming Year. The new year can be likened unto a blankbook of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the end of the year? Some pages will be stained with tears.

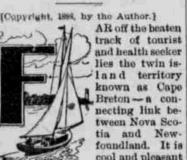
time. It was the step that was the outcome of a good resolution made just a
little in advance of the new year and
in time to make Christmas day very
bright for all in the two rooms "back."

There was a tiny Christmas tree next

There was a tiny Christmas tree next hurried into bed as soon as the footsteps were heard in the court below, and there was a turkey for all, and "all that with the turkey goes."

This was a year ago and now a few we can turn back and see when we have lost. There conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of the self sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions.—Selected.

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.



sea wind or the the dead line. cold blasts from Labrador, but in winter it is discomfort realized. There is springs forward. Then follows a quick bitter cold, and the ocean storm brings cast, a couple of turns around the sad with it salt and frozen spray which bewith it salt and frozen spray which benumb the most powerful. The people tucking his head well down to keep it these were followed in the course of time by sturdy Scotchmen from the caught by the leg his captor has named.

highlands and French peasants from Quebec or from the faraway fatherland. English sailors and fishermen were added from time to time, so that the people of today are a combination impossible dwellers in a cold climate, they have they drank hard, but today prohibition covers them with her white banner. Their Christmas day is more like that of the Canadian than of the New Englander or New Yorker. Religious services are held, and every one turns out in his or her best. The clothing is not to the cruel climate. Three or four coats and trousers often mark the man and as

many woolen suits the woman. In nearly every churchyard is a shring to some saint, especially to those connected with the weather. The favorite is that of Mary of the Snows, and the flat roof hang all the lanterns that another Anne, who is said to protect mortals from the torments of the ice. On Christmas day there are always candles burning in these little shrines and stuck in the interstices of the sun baked prayers said by wives and daughters whose husbands are on the mainland or the rocky, icebound beach. Here, too, is kept up the lovely old practice of the Christmas carols and "the waits." On Christmas eve groups of singers go from house to house or else hold pretty ceremonies of song in the village church, while on Christmas day church and house alike echo to the familiar tunes of Christmas in both England and France. In the afternoon and evening there are parties where games, music and dancing pass the hours swift-

ly away. A touching feature of the day is the old French custom of remembering the needy. This is done after the morning service in church and consists in the young people of families that are prosperous going with appropriate gifts to some, well dressed girl struggling with a bag of flour under her arm and with her brother or betrothed, carrying in one hand a generous basket of potatoes and in the other one of fish or meat. Another party will be bringing clothes, dolls and a great Christmas cake, while a third will be laden down with little pieces of raiment, caps and boots for the children of some poor neighbor.

It is a survival of the olden times when the lord of the manor bestowed his bounty upon all of his tenants and in and soon, save for the snarling of the its present form is as pretty a way of observing the day as anything which of the supper, the little village is silent.

The Negative of Life.

There is a negative side of life which though not its most pleasant phase, is a very necessary one. When life is young, it seems to be surrounded by a vast shadowy world in which dreams are means, boundary lines become more

ARIZONA NEW YEAR'S

HOW THE RECKLESS COWBOY CELE-BRATES THE DAY.

Exhibits His Skill in Roping Cattle. The Call to Dinner-Help Yourself From Roasted Quarters of Beef. Daneing in the Evening.

Roughly lettered posters of wrapping paper for weeks had announced that a cowboy tournament and flesta Mejicana would be held on Now Year's day at Agua Caliente.

Two races, each of four heats, have been run in the morning, when the faint popping of a six shocter, supplemented by a distant roar of "Grab! Oh. grub!" announces the hour for dinner. Spectators and racers rush back to the

Back of one of the principal saloons, between it and the base of the mountain, a long trench has been dug and filled with mesquite wood, burned to clear, red coals. Over these coals, resting on well soaked green poles, quarters of beef have been roasting for the last 12 hours. These quarters are hung in the different verandas, and from them each man cuts such portion as seems good to him and retires to eat it, together with whatever provisions he may have brought with him, while in the

and dogs dispute for and gorge themselves on the refuse. Soon there is a general movement to-ward a corral at the foot of the plaza, where the principal business of the day, have been collecting cattle suitable to existence be eked out. Clubmen, sh their purpose, and the cottonwood pole corral is as full of them as it will hold.

Twenty feet in front of the corrals a long line has been drawn in the sand, then an interval of 40 yards and another. A little to one side the timekeeper, watch in band, sits on his horse. The first contestant, in this case a handsome young Mexican, places bimself with his back to the cerral, and the fore hoofs of his pony just teeing the first line,

The bars are lowered and a long legged red cow is allowed to escape. Across the space she runs like a greyhound. The instant she crosses the sec ond line the vaquero plunges in his big CAPE BRETON. spurs and starts in pursuit, his riata whistling around his head. The cow points straight for a growth of scrub, as though she knew that no larint could be thrown in such a place. The little horse gains on her rapidly. Before she has made more than a third of the disand health seeker tance to her goal he is at her flying and health seeker lies the twin island territory known as Cape
Breton—a connection lieb to her goal he is at her flying heels. Then the rope flies out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow it, but the cow makes a quick turn and gallops on, still free.

The Mexicon real flies at her flying heels.

tween Nova Sco-tia and New-first failure would prevent his winning foundland. It is the coveted prize. So be sulkily withcool and pleasant draws, and his place is taken by anothin summer, being swept by the

"Off fore foot," he cries as his pony somersault and lands on his back, Securing the line, the man dimounts and runs toward his prey as fast as his high heels will allow. It struggles fiercely, but the pony is far too well trained to let the bull rise, and, with a to match in the new world. Like all tightening of the lariat, neatly foils twellers in a cold climate they have become devout and conservative. Once quickly made fast to a hind leg-"hog tied"-and then the cowboy holds up

his hand to show that it is completed. The judges having pronounced that the animal is properly secured, the time taken to accomplish the feat is entered and another man tries his skill.

The twilight comes at last. Dosk is what would be called fashionable in soon followed by darkness in these lati-American cities, but it is well adapted tudes, and hardly has it fallen when the strains of rude music announce the opening of the great social feature of the day, the ball. The ballroom is the whole upper floor of the hotel. The walls are of rough adobe, the floor of unplaned planks. From the rafters of can be borrowed in the neighborhoodthat is, within a radius of ten miles -and candles burn on bits of board brick of the walls. Benches of planks laid across boxes line three sides of the room. At one end of the hall, on a rough stage erected there, sit the musicans. There are three of them, all Mexicans, one playing a squeaky fiddle, the other two guitars. All of them wear their bats and smoke crooked cigarettes of brown paper as they play.

There are about 20 girls, many them pretty and all of them dressed with a neatness and taste quite remarkable when one considers their limited resources. About the same number of older women complete the feminine contingent, and all are in demand, for the men number a hundred or more.

The men are all dressed for the occasion, each in the manner that happens to suit his fancy. Many retain their spurs, in which they are popularly supthe homes of the poor. As you stand on the village street you will see a handand red necktie under a long black cutaway coat, and clad as to his nether man in the leather "chaps" of the cowboy, with the jingling "petmakers" still fast to his high heeled boots. Dance follows dance in rapid success

sion. The measured pounding of the feet as they noisily caper over the resounding boards almost drowns the music. It is thoroughly enjoyed until nearly daybreak, when the company disperses, Horses are saddled, blankets unrolled, -Philadelphia Press. The Lord Decides.

of hosts, who cares for right and justice. decides the issues in great battles. Neilike realities and realities dreams. In important thing that turns the scale and camp which had been broken up but a time there comes a juster conception of | brings victory or defeat, and no Chris- | few hours before. Later in the day they what living on this practical earth tian nation can afford to enter into war struck high, rolling country. During clearly defined, and while the positive the question, Is it the Lord's cause? If before dusk they came upon mose side is being learned a lesson in nega- we cannot commit our way unto the tracks and a well tramped "yard." tives is also taught, and the latter is by Lord in this matter, it is vain for us to sources. -- Presbyterian Messenger.



As every one in Greater New York do a thing it was usually done.

Peggy was charming, but Peggy was chronically unconventional. She had a habit of gently shocking Fifth avenue on an average of once a month and astounding her family about once a week. The truth of the matter was, Peggy was simply full of animal spirits, preferred living her own life and laughed at her more dignified family and the two dozen lovers who proposed on an average of once a month to her. burning sun of the plaza the Indians

There was of course Donald Cotton. whom she took a little more seriously and consequently tormented a little more assiduously. But as that young man had been cursed with an income and a taste for urban life Peggy made from a sporting standpoint, is to begin no bones about expressing her good. For a week the founders of the feast healthy contempt for the unillustrious said, were always commonplace. Sh liked men who did things. She liked to see heroism, she said, and manliness and the spirit of adventure in her friends. All of which made the good natured and easy going Mr. Donald Cot-

ton very unhappy. broken country. The trucks skirted a

Each December Donald was in the frozen lake, and then went up a high habit of going up into Maine after rocky plateau. Donald knew these high mocse, and it occurred to him that a ridges were the haunts of moose in few weeks' absence would not be a bad winter. teenth time to marry him.

arelly had to see Peggy to say goodby, and Peggy, of course, was surrounded could not resist the fascination of fresh by the usual facetions circle when he mouse tracks. He took his Winchester called. He doggedly sat them out, how- and swung up over the hills for a reconever, and got hold of Peggy's hand noiter. After about half an hour's somehow and told her he was going journey through second growth white

ber hand away.

moose, "said Donald. ering herself, with fine scorn.

might happen." Chilblains?" said the unfeeling Peggy. studious, deliberate and accurate aim.

girl, a little, dimpled, pink and white girl in a blanket suit, and he could see girl, who goes moose shooting. She's a her shouldered rifle pointing down the cousin of mine up in Montreal, and she valley. It was Peggy. goes to Mattawa every winter. And The consciousness of this had scarcewhat is worse, sir, on second thoughts ly swept through his mind when he I think I shall go with her this Christ- saw a puff of smoke. Then came a re-

isn't so drendfully dangerous."

catch her. slipping away and getting on the other a huge bull come thundering up the side of the table, "what is more, I'm slope straight for the bewiltiered girl in going to see if I can't get a bigger the blanket suit. As he came tearing moose than you. No, you needn't look up the snow in his flight the girl in the



PEGGY!" SAID DONALD, TRYING TO CATCH

and I've been shark fishing in Florida, and I walked through Mott street one midnight, so moose don't count. You go up to Maine and I'll go to Mattawa, and we shall see who'll bring home the biggest horns,"

Donald knew it was madness, but he ilso knew it was no use to expostulate. He called at Peggy's house the next vening, but Peggy was gone. A sense loneliness stole over him as he walked home through the falling snow, his face set with a great purpose. He would go after her. Something might in these northern woods-yes, he would most certainly go after her.

He had already lost one day. By 9 o'clock the next morning he was speeding toward Montreal fast as steam could carry him. At Montreal he caught the transcontinental night express and at daybreak stepped out at the little town Mattawa, on the headwaters of the Ottawa. Here he made inquiries about the Montreal party.

They had passed through Mattawa the day before, had picked up six In-dian guides there and gone north to Temiscamingue.

Two hours later a party of one, with three guides, was on its way north. At Gordon Creek the party of one was told that a party of six Indians, a white man

No Christian can doubt that the Lord day before started out through the bush, Donald followed up the trail. The mercury went down below the zero ther the skill nor the power of man can mark, Temiscamingue took on its first make the issue of any battle certain. ice, and snow fell often through the Very frequently it is the seemingly un- night. In two days he came upon a without asking and answering sincerely the afternoon they heard rifle shots, and

That night over the camplire Donald no means an easy or a pleasant lesson to learn.—Presbyterian Banner.

boast of national glory and national resembered it was Christmas ove. A Christmas alone in the northern Lauren-

But Christmas morning broke clear knew or ought to have known, when and cold. Before the sun was over the Miss Peggy Weatherington decided to dark pine tops they were following up the moose tracks over a rough and



HIS FINGER WAS SHAKING ON THE TRIGGER broken country. The trucks skirted a

thing before asking Peggy for the nine- | , Late in the afternoon nothing bad been seen. The Indians picked a camp Ecfore going up in the woods he nat- and set to work getting their backwoods birch he came to a sudden stop and Where?" said Peggy, wincing for a dropped noiselessly behind a fallen pine. moment, and then nonchalantly pulling A few winters in Maine had given him all the true hunter's alertness of nerve. Up in the Maine woods after Where the underbrush fringed away into a country of broken rock he had "Oh, is that all!" said Peggy, recov- caught sight of a calf moose. In the gathering dusk he could see it indis-"Moose hunting is awfully dangerous tinetly moving slowly and cautiously work," said Donald, "and something out of the shadow of the scrub bush. He had plenty of time, so he rested his "Dangerons for what, you silly boy? Winchester on the pine log, taking "Charlie Brown was killed by a bull At that moment the moving shadow moose last winter," said Donald cheer- turned sideways. Donald's rifle fell from his hand, and he took a deep Peggy laughed. "Why, I know a breath. His rifle had been trained on a

mas and show you that moose shooting port, and another, and another. A short distance up the valley he saw a cow "Peggy!" said Donald, trying to moose fall. Then he saw something that sent the blood tingling through his 'And what is more," said Peggy, voins. Out of the underbrush he beheld horrified. I shot a mountain goat once, blanket suit deliberately dropped on one knee, took aim and fired at the broad breast bearing down on her, not

more than 60 feet away. Donald groaned. He saw that the plucky shot went wide-miles wide. His own finger was shaking on the trigger of his Winchester, for when her life depended upon a shot the responsibility naturally unnerved him.

All he remembered was that he stopped firing when his magazine was empty, although the first ball had torn through the animal's huge lungs. A noment later he had a confused picture of a moose planging head down into a snowbank stone dead and a girl sitting in the snow, quietly crying. It was the first time he had ever seen Peggy cry. When she saw who it was, she stop-"Don-Donald Cotton, how did you

"Why," said Donald, lifting her up out of the enow and brushing the flakes from her wet cheeks, "I just came up to tell you how dangerous moose shoot ing really is' --

"Stop, Don, stop, or I'll cry again !" "And also to ask you for the nineteenth time if you will marry me."

"It's getting dreadfully dark, Don, dear," said Peggy ten minutes later, "and it's four miles to camp." "Who cares?" said Don.

Three Indian guides never knew why they were given three whole bottles of Kentucky Bourbon on a certain Christmas night, and it isn't every one who knows just how Mrs. Donald Reed Cothappen to her. Supposing she got lost ton secured the pair of beautifully channeled moose horns which hang over her library door.

New Year's Bells. Ring in the new year with gladness, Ring out the old with a tear; There is always a feeling of sadness As we witness the death of a year, A year so swift in its deeting. With norrow we watch its last hour, Then give the new one a greeting From the bells in each steeple and

A sigh for the year that is dying.
After where the memory dwells.
Then banish the past with its sighing
And list for the voice of the bells. The song of thanksgiving and pleasure That welcomes the birth of an hour. The soul stirring, vibrating theasure. That rolls out from each steeple and

Afar o'er the night shadowed city The auries of harmony roll.

In authem triumphant or ditty.
They lighten the sorrowing soul.
A voice from each country and nation
Responds to the jubiant hour
And joins in the wild exultation
Of the bells in each steeple and tower

A thought for the dead, calmly sleepling, Below in earth's dreary gloom;
No sone of the egiving or wesping
Can pierce their dull ears in the tomb
But above, where all heaven reloices,
And heralds with praise every hour,
They greet with sweet welcome the

That ring out from each steeple and